

All You Need is Love

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Summary: At the end of a long day all you need is each other. My 69th story and as such it's a little mature.

All You Need is Love

(**)(So here we are number 69 can we all behave like grown-ups and not whistle a catcall? Nope I know I can't so here we go *catcall whistle*. It's been a long 7 years to get here many things have happened in my life and I've come out on the flip side. I've gained amazing friends and lost some, I lost my dad who because of the drama he brought helped me become the writer I am. I hope you'll stick with me for the next 69 and beyond because you'll never get rid of me. A very special thank you from my whole mind, body, and soul goes out to two of my best friends who I met through this amazing world we share. Melanie and Renee you guys never fail to tell me if what I'm writing is good or bad and always encourage me with love and humor THANK YOU SO MUCH. So here's to the next 69 and many more to come!)**

(**)((I don't own HAIR, that incredible honor goes to James Rado, Gerome Ragni, and Galt MacDermot.))**

It's been a long fricken day was what Claude was thinking the whole walk home from work, now as he stepped off the elevator. He hoped that someone was waiting for him and wouldn't complain when all he wanted was a head rub and a few kisses. Right now that was all the energy he had to tolerate. As he opened the door to the apartment he shared with his partner of more years than they both cared to count he was greeted with the sight of Berger sound asleep on the couch, no doubt the other man was exhausted from his day of work as well as a mail carrier in New York City. Claude put his things down and crawled over Berger's body and laid down.

"Seems as you had as good of a day as I did." Said Berger tiredly.

"Too much talking, not enough sleeping."

"Well if we're going to sleep maybe we should move to some place more comfortable cause I'm afraid we're going to fall off the couch if we stay here." Said Berger.

"Lead the way."

The men went into their bedroom and took off their work clothes and crawled into bed before passing out for the next few hours. They weren't sure how but when they woke up they were curled around one another and their hands were not linked together but were linked around some other parts of each other's anatomy. They didn't know who started it but with both of them being hard as a pair of two-by-fours it didn't leave the couple much of a choice but to gradually wake one another up by the soft caresses they were now giving one another.

"Mmm. Best way to wake up." Said Berger.

"Ohh, yeah." Said Claude moving his head to find Berger's lips and pulling him into a deep kiss.

"You wanna speed it up there a little?" Said Berger through the kiss.

"No, not really."

"This would be easier if we didn't have our boxers on." Said Claude breathing deeply while leaning his forehead against Berger's and glancing down at their hands slowly stroking each other.

"Let's hurry then because I don't know about you but I don't think I'm going to last much longer."

"I'm there too."

The men released their hands and got their boxers off before returning as if attracted by magnets to their members. They shared kisses some long and deep and others as short as simple pecks.

"Okay we seriously need to move faster or actually do something." Said Berger getting frustrated at the pace Claude was keeping although he knew his pace wasn't any better both men were reluctant to break the precious spell that hung over them.

"New position?"

"Head to toe?"

"Which one of us is going to move that's the question." Said Berger.

"I will."

The men got into their desired spots and quickly latched on. They now moved at a furious pace as if they were in a race to see who could climax first. But it didn't matter because soon the only thoughts passing through their heads was how good it felt to have the releases they were having of all the stress from their days leave them. No words needed to be exchanged both men were encouraged by the sounds

the other was making. Hands roamed the sweat slicked bodies and soon the shuddering movements of climax were beginning to take hold of the men. Bed springs squeaked as the men grinded their hips in effort to create more friction. Climax washed over them and soon they fell back in a satisfied heap not letting go but enough that they could relish in the relaxation they felt.

"We need to come home stressed out more often." Said Claude.

"No we just need to be like this more." Said Berger.

"I think I could get into that."

"Think we could get into each other tonight?"

"Give me an hour to recover from this and maybe."

"An hour it is."

An hour later the only sounds coming from Apt. 96 was the sounds of bed springs and moans that was all anyone needed to hear in order to know not to disturb the occupants.

End
file.